

Synopsis:I want to make a statement about how my writing environment is.

What I hear are the electronic sounds that pierce through all sorts of obstacles. Next, to my room, a refrigerator is roaring up violently. However, as soon as I think to start writing, it turns silent.

I have deduced from my experience that conspirators are trying to steal my thoughts.

(The story goes back 40 years) Fujio, the eldest son of the Torikai family, comes face to face with peculiar behaviors of his father and mother.

Mystery of Mother (Sadako)

Sadako has poor relationship with her neighbors and there were constant disagreements with her neighbors. This was because she was convinced that the sound coming from aircraft taking off from an airport nearby was being caused by the people in the neighborhood.

She also told Fujio not to use the phone at home but to make calls from public phones. Calls for wrong number were received, always from the same company. Soundproofing was attempted at home by using curtains as well. She also claimed that she has to watch television. Fujio hated that, so he argued with his mother.

The mother had the habit of saying that the newspaper (called *Maiasa* ,means every sun rises) and when the sun rises, the *Maiasa* newspaper was delivered and the mother got angry at articles featured on newspaper columns, became nostalgic about the past. Our house was referred to as *Honke* (main family),

whereas the acoustic company KENWOOD was referred to as *Bunke* (branch family). She also said, "I am getting everything stolen" and "people I support all get into bad trouble".

Mystery of Father (Teruichi)

The father told Fujio that the world moves around him. Fujio also wondered about the behavior of the two.

Fujio then searches for a variety of topics using his computer, in order to apply for a scenario contest that is being held in the United States. In that process he comes across a film company (NIHONKAI) that asserts primitive communism.

Fujio moved away from the house he had bought and moved into a government housing complex, where the sound continued to ring. Fujio determines that KENWOOD and NIHONKAI were behind all this, based on his past experiences

You see, it is like this. The sound that enters his ears are like the sound heard when an ear is placed against a phone receiver. The current that contains electrons flow into the ear as sound. Sound coming off iron objects because they are reacting to electrons. Talking about iron, let's consider the hair. You see, it is like this. Electrons are charged in the hair and signals bounce off and are transported on bidirectional digital television radio wave. The crooks then pick them up. They know what I am thinking, what I mean is that they can understand what I am thinking by viewing the television or reading the newspaper. Television to television and newspaper to newspaper. That's what they are for. Television sends off ultrasonic waves from the liquid crystal display. Newspapers are morning sun so each time the sun rises they emit ultrasonic

waves. Sun also emits ultrasonic waves. Ultrasonic waves are propagated by water. Water comprises 90% of the brain and the electrons inside the brain are transmitted to the hair.

Both my father and mother had it wrong. Crooks were distorting the information.

The mission of Torigai family was to critic newspapers and television programs.

Fujio now understood and accepted that and lives fully satisfied with the mission he is given.

FADE IN:

V.O (FUJIO)

I will talk about a calamity our family experienced at that time. By reading this, you will probably understand why Japan could not sign the Human Rights Treaty. This story is about a family that was subjected to eradication with electromagnetic field and hydrogen and sunlight based ultrasonic waves. This is a complete story with distorted

information in connection with the present. I am writing this story under 24 hours of surveillance during the night next to a candle light. While using only PC battery. . First of all, let me talk about my dad and mum. Both of my parents were working, they left two apartments to us and our family was wealthy. As I will mention from now on, my mum did not let me go to a kindergarten. My sister was only one day old. My mum did not trust the people around.

EXT. Kamata, Ota-ward Japan, Night

People are boisterous in front of Torigai's rental home in a craftsman residential district. People from nearby are gathering, there is a police officer and a parking police car. The housewife is arguing with the policeman and the people from nearby. It is during the night, but still pi-pi-pi-pi sounds are audible from the automated toy bird cage.

A person nearby

Shut up you old witch.

The police officer shouts.

Police officer

If what you are saying is real I take off my
formal clothes.

One of the boys from Toriga's home opens the
wooden window and shouts.

Everybody, relax!

Everyone looks at the boy and they start
debating again. The boy returns to the house.

INT. An empty room on the second floor of the
house.

The boy and the second eldest sister are talking.
The closed wooden window reverberate with a
sound of an airplane.

Sister

Fuji, the people nearby are making
sounds, just as Sadako's mum said.

Fujio

That's right, sister Isako.

EXT. In front of Torigai's home

The quarrel cools off, the police officer and
the people from nearby leave and everything
becomes quite. Sadako removes the toy bird cage
as well.

INT. In the house

Sadako returns, two people from the second floor come downstairs and talks to two. Sadako is relaxed and talks to the two of them.

Sadako

They act like unknown animals so act as if you didn't know them.

What's about Teruichi dad?

Fushio goes to Teruichi's room.

INT. In Teruichi's room

Teruichi is wearing a jacket with cotton leaking from it and his sitting comfortably on the sofa in the darkness.

Fujio

Why are you sitting like this?

Teruichi answers.

Teruichi

The Earth is rotating around me.

Fujio fails to comprehend the situation he is puzzled and leaves the room.

INT. In the house

Sadako starts talking to Fujio and Isako.

Sadako

I am going to bed, so you two should go too.

Isako

Mum is weird, isn't she? She sleeps during the day, wakes up at night and sleeps again.

Sadako

That's right. Even though I have fun, I get tired.

Sadako goes upstairs to the second floor without paying attention to the things happened so far.

INT. Fujio's room on the second floor

Sadako starts binding wires and wood on the window in Fujio's room to prevent things from entering. Planes from the nearby Haneda airport are audible as they depart and arrive. Sadako finishes the binding and speaks to Fujio.

Sadako

I will attach sound isolation to the ceiling tomorrow.

Fujio

Mum, does the sound of the airplane bother you that much? They are just flying.

Sadako

They are out in the proximity! You should be sleeping.

Sadako starts binding with wood again.

Fujio

Stop it! I don't need more.

Sadako

Someone might notice you if we don't do like
this.

The window nearby gives a very sharp sound and
gets closed. Sadako finishes the binding with
wood.

Sadako

Is the bath ready?

Fujio

Yes

Sadako

I take a bath before I go to sleep.

INT. Bathroom

Sadako is taking a bath, being angry and talking
to herself.

Sadako

The people we are supporting might encounter
troubles.

Fujio hears these in the changing room and he
leaves the bathroom without understanding
Sadako's soliloquy.

INT Torigai's home Morning

Teruichi accosts Fujio.

Teruichi

Fujio, I want to go to Honmon-temple, please
call me a cab.

Fujio

Ok. Today as well? But it's so close!

The phone is ringing. Sadako stops reading the
newspaper and goes to answer the phone.

Voice in the phone.

Is that Screen Sinnihon speaking?

Sadako is angry and replies.

Sadako

How many times do you call me? No, you are
mistaken.

Sadako hangs up the phone. Fujio calls a taxi
on the phone.

The taxi arrives and Teruichi leaves.

Sadako's anger does not cool off and she stops
reading the newspaper.

Sadako is talking to Fujio

Sadako.

The Maiasa newspaper is bad.

The person writing the column Maiasa Jingo in
the Maiasa possesses no name.

Fujio is reading the Maiasa and he is unable
comprehend Sadako's anger.

First page of the Maiasa.

A phantom killer injures 5 people

Fujio stops reading the newspaper. Sadako is talking to Fujio.

Sadako

Make phone calls from public phones from now on.

Fujio does not understand what Sadako is saying and he just ignores her miraculous talk.

V.0(Fujio)

The story above is an outline of my mum and dad as I experienced 40 years ago. This is only a prologue. From now on, I will talk about the injuries I adventurously experienced. The scene of the story moves from Kamata to Seishin-town in Edogawa district.

Fujio's Retrospect

Let me tell you about traumatic events happened to my family back then. You will understand why Japan cannot participate in any human rights treaties by reading this. This is a story about how my family was almost destroyed by the attacks with an electromagnetic field, hydrogen, ultrasonic waves by the sunlight and noises. This story tells you all the details about the information which has been perverted and matters even now. I am writing this story at midnight only relying on the battery of my PC under the candlelight since I am being watched 24/7. I am writing this on my sub PC because the OS of my main computer is XP. The PC I am using now is a modified one and I deleted all the suspicious files inside it. So, my stories were

supposed to be unreadable from others. The bad guys, however, inserted a video file called UGX from the power source and made my stories readable. They have already got the power source. I am writing this in the environment without electromagnetic field by modifying the arrangement of electric wires to avoid entering the electromagnetic field. I hear the painful sharp sound all the time. That is an artificial sound sent to my ears by Wi-Fi. They cannot use synthetic sound while I am outside of the electromagnetic field. Now, I will tell you about my father and mother. My parents had their job and my family was rich because we had two apartments. I will tell you about this later, but my mother did not let me go to a kindergarten. My older sister went to the kindergarten just for a day. To that extent, my mother did not trust the neighbors.

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Fujio' s Retrospect

That is a rough explanation on my parents from what I experienced 40 years ago. And that is just a prologue for this story. From now, as I said earlier, I will explain about the tragedy that I have experienced. The place of the story moves to Sheisin-town, Edogawa-ward from Kamata. Before starting the story, let me talk about my writing environment. I often hear an electronic sound which can pass through any kinds of obstacles. The refrigerator next to my room also rumbles, but the brutal sound stops just when I thought about writing stories. So, I always keep the fridge unplugged.

What I realized from such experience is that they are trying to take my mind.

I was not surprised by their meanness to use daily necessities like a fridge to attack me. They use different kinds of electronic sounds.

In days, I hear voices such as “Fujio, Fujio…” , “Yes, you’ re right.” , “29, 28, 27…” and “That. That…” (those voices are amplified by using electric appliances)

From upstairs, I also hear the resident’ s footsteps which mimics my moves without hesitation, the sound of pulling his desk and the noise of doing something on the desk. I know those are also electronic sounds made by them. In short, those sounds are their trap to make me harm the upstairs neighbor.

My father died from the rough deal at the mental hospital, then my mother and I moved to a public apartment in Seishin-town. You may think my mother was an abnormal person, but that is not true. I will introduce my mother to you.

She graduated a normal school under the prewar education system and was a kind and excellent woman. She was modest and really loved her child like my father did. She cared her teeth so much that she kept her healthy teeth even after she turned 80 years old by her unique method which made her dentist praise her. She was an optimistic woman and I remember that she laughed at TV shows. When she saw the last name of a person on TV is the same with one of her friends in the normal school or a member of her branch family, she seemed to be nostalgic for her good old days.

Even such kind of person, however, sometimes said “I want to see my mother soon” sadly, remembering her mother in her childhood. She also said, “I had everything stolen” .

8 years has passed since then. I was so focused on 3 things that I could no longer step out of my house. First was feeling superior to others from watching TV. Second, the newspaper company was constantly watching me. Third, I was trying many things to find the truth behind the Windows XP OS. Below are the details.

About TV

I like watching the news. I loved staring at the female announcers. One day, I was looking at this one announcer. Looking at her clothes, I thought to myself, man I wish she wore something sexier. Then, the next day, she would appear just the way I imagined (color of clothes, cleavage, etc). It is often said that those addicted to TV sometimes feel like they rule the TV. I originally thought I was one of them, but after some time, I realized I was not. I was obsessed with the fictional feeling of “being special” without any scientific evidence.

About newspapers

I had some good ideas about a script. I learned on the Internet that this would make a good play in America, so I jotted my ideas down on a notebook. Then, to my surprise, the next day, a very similar story appeared on a newspaper column in an essay format. That is not all. Keep in mind that there are over 100 families living in Seishin-cho. The newspaper was able to get information from 1 citizen in the group and change it a bit to

post the idea as if it was their own. This, just like the TV, went on for a long time.

Until now, I barely worked. All I did was watch TV, go on the Internet, and read books.

My mother never blamed me. I was absorbed in reading weekly and monthly magazines (for the truth of the rumors). Various articles by critics were on those magazines: “Did you unplug it?”, “Newspapers without a front page are useless”, “The media person barely committed suicide”, “Police must eliminate the extremists”, “Many extremists are doctors”, and “People on TV are great. They are just too busy to think about anything”.

I was not sure about the details of those articles since I just read the headlines.

In Seishin-town, the newspapers’ plagiarism against me continued. On ground wave TV shows, female announcers kept casting doubts to me, and satellite broadcasters aired an old movie with a protagonist who was dressed just like me.

INT -Seishin-town

Fujio finishes reading the newspaper. He kicks a hole in the wall in his frustration. Returning from shopping, Sadako take a can of beer out of her backpack and shows it to Fujio.

Sadako

Here’s your beer, Fujio.

Fujio is still angry and yells at Sadako.

Fujio

Mom, I told you that you shouldn't buy beer anymore.

There are about 20 cans of beer on the floor of the kitchen. Sadako takes out many grocery products from her backpack and starts preparing supper without caring about Fujio's anger. Fujio moves his desk into the clothing room next to the bathroom and tries to write his script. Then, unreadable Chinese characters appears from the power icon on the PC screen.

In Fujio's mind

Aha, all right. The power's already been in their hands. OK then, just write on the battery only.

Later, Isako, Fujio's older sister, visited her mother in sick. She put a tree just outside the entrance as a gift for her mother.

In the night, I was glued to my computer and my mother told me "stop doing that and watch TV".

However, I did not listen to her and put my computer into a wooden box and wrap it with tin foil to shield electricity.

One night, when I took my eyes off my mother who had already shown signs of dementia, she went out. I panicked. I got a call and told that my mother was taken to the hospital.

The hospital was the University of Tokyo hospital. I called a taxi soon and went there. The taxi driver said, "Your mother was taken to the University of Tokyo hospital from here? That sound strange..." . At the hospital, I saw my mother was lying on the bed with bruises all over her body as if she was beaten up. After the successful surgery, she stayed in the hospital for a while. After she left the hospital, she was forced to use a wheelchair due to the aftereffects on her hip joint and soles. Since just all the family members gathered, we had a lunch at a soba restaurant nearby. My mother was looking down and worried during the lunch apparently because she was afraid of what others think about her.

The next day, I was attacked by the noises.

What do you imagine when you hear a phrase "a lump of sound" ? What I heard was like a swarm of mosquitoes buzzing at once forming a sphere with a diameter of three meters. I thought that the sound must not be a hallucination and stepped out onto the balcony to find the source of it. I found that the sound came from the point a meter high in the air between the parabola antenna of my room and the balcony of the neighboring room. Since the source was outside my room and not so noisy, I did not care about the sound so much. In the night, the sound had gone, and I went to my room to sleep. I had a habit to wear earplugs when I sleep, and in that night, after my mother calmly fell asleep on her nursing bed, I put in my earplugs. Here, I was supposed to hear only sounds like my heartbeat, but surprisingly, I was able to sense the sound of talk

shows on the TV and the radio in a quiet volume as if those sounds were sliding into my consciousness. I put my earplugs out of my ears unintentionally. Then, I heard someone's voice came out of nowhere calling my name. When I listened closely, the sound turned into a conversation between several men and women, and I put in my earplugs again. I was still hearing the talk shows interrupting my sleep. You may think that I am a psycho, or if not, obviously I was panicked, but as I had been suffered from too many personal attacks, I was calm and able to understand that that was a part of their personal attacks in a moment. Then, what crossed my mind was frequency since the types of the sound changed as I put in/took off my earplugs. Now, my strange and lonely battle which takes place only indoors had begun.

In a bad timing, my mother's dementia got worse. The proof of it was that she started drinking many raw eggs.

With her positive personality, however, my mother loved to simply watch TV and she pointed out every time she saw a person with the same name with her friends in the normal school and members in her branch family on TV. For example, she often said like "I found a person called Mr. Takano", "I saw Mr. Chen (from China)", "the CEO of Trio (an audio company) has the same name with him in my branch family", or "I saw Panamachichiga (from Mongolia)".

She also said like this while standing by herself. Seeing a light flashing on the tower of a waterworks bureau facility behind the kindergarten next to my home, she said "that's bad". She cared about sparrows on a tree in the kindergarten flew and moved to another tree at once.

She also said, "People on TV are doing well" and "TV will worry if I don't watch it". She said, "I want to see my mother soon" "sadly again.

Eventually, I brought my mother to a dementia-care hospital with my sister. Now, I will talk about my sister. My sister Isako moved to Zama City, Kanagawa from Seichin-town, Tokyo when she married. She was a Christian and believed the Salvation Army. My mother did not like the church.

Something strange happened at the hospital. We took my mother to a psychiatrist, but we saw a screaming man there. He said, "Zama City, 0427" and that was my sister's phone number. My sister's face looked strained, but the man was taken away by his doctor.

I ended in taking care of my mother at home, but I was wondering about the man at the hospital.

The next day, a news about an indiscriminate murder by a random killer who was under the care of a psychiatrist made headlines.

I felt a great fear. A fear for being attacked by the random killer.

I changed my attitude since I felt sorry for my mother. The attacks by sounds, however, had kept getting worse. Another change occurred. One of the rooms in my apartment suddenly got too hot and I felt a smarting pain on my skin. I looked at my hands to find that they turned red as if they were burned. My mother's hands too. I decided to fight against them seriously because they would harm my mother. Anyway, to stop my mind from getting eavesdropped, I wrapped my head like a Muslim with my apron. After I realized that did not work, I destroyed all the power sockets in my home. As several iron wires popped out from

the sockets, I taped them with a packing tape in the shape of cross.

Then, I heard a voice saying "No, don't do that".

You may have already noticed, but the best solutions here must be "to get out of my home", "to call police" or "to get outside together". As I told you earlier, however, I was socially isolated, and I had to watch my mother not to go out by her own. And even if a police officer came to my home, they would stop the sound attack just during the visit. And I feared random killers.

We return to the story here. The iron wires cut by me piled up as I was not able to throw them away. My mother liked and wanted to go out, but I stopped her forcefully.

Anyway, I shut the curtains even in the midday not to be watched, moved my couch to the hallway where I was able to hide from their eyes, and read an encyclopedia called "The Basic Knowledge of Contemporary Words" under the slight sunlight coming from the narrowly opened door to look up words "electron", "ultrasonic wave", "electromagnetic wave", "hydrogen", "electric field", and "magnetic field".

I moved my couch to the clothing room next to the bathroom and sat in it since I guessed the place was also safe. The wires were piled up there.

I also heard footsteps of the resident upstairs following my moves.

I turned off the power source of all the lightings inside my room, so the room was dark.

A surprising thing happened. My mother, who was lying on her bed, suddenly woke up like a robot.

She started to walk toward the front door to go out as if she was not injured. I laid her in the bed again.

Finally, I found these things by looking up the encyclopedia: Electrons go well with iron. Ultrasonic waves move through the water. The sun radiates electromagnetic waves. A computer's LCD display emits ultrasonic waves if it shakes.

The night came. I plugged the refrigerator and the desk lamp into the only wall socket left with many extension cords which were kept at my home for some reasons. So, my room did not get completely dark even in the night.

My mother woke up. I helped her with going to the bathroom. I found a large open wound on her thigh bleeding much. I was surprised and thought that her underwear made from nylon caused the wound.

Thinking her life was at risk, I moved my mother in her wheelchair around my home.

Their voices did not stop. I was hearing male and female voices. They said things like, "Way to go!" and "Pong, pong".

I cut the iron hair by myself. I heard ripping sounds from the pile of wires.

I understood that the cause was iron. I took shower in the bathroom to wash my hair. The sounds reflected in the hot water.

Water also seemed to be harmful.

My mother was gently smiling and did not complain about being moved around.

There were only delivery tofu for four days, yogurt, and a bottle of soy sauce in the fridge, and no more power system left to turn off except the one for the fridge. With my hair loosen, I had a vague idea that I had to survive by boiling raw rice with a gas cooker to make porridge and eating yogurt for a while. And, I thought the bed made of

iron was harmful for my mother, besides, I also thought electric waves were dangerous and put her pillow on the opposite side of the living room. I looked at my mother lying there with her eyes calmly closed. From the wall sockets in the living room, the power cords cut by me were sticking out like veins. The voices were still flowing into my messy home. I had already noticed that the voices had a certain pattern. Generally, the voices were like: "Fujio", "Pong, pong", "Woaw", conversations between men and women, "Stop!" when I did something while they were watching, refrain of Western songs I was listening to, "Gaijin, gaijin", and a chant of sutra from the air vent in the clothing room next to the bathroom. Sitting on the stool in the clothing room where I guessed my thoughts could not be read and under the candlelight, I was vaguely wondering if a good amount of newspapers, delivery yogurts and tofu were already on the front pouch and the deliverers found it strange.

My mother, despite the fact she was physically disabled, lifted her upper body up from her bed like a machine. She often made such machine-like movements those days. I guided my mother to the bathroom and after that, recommended her that she had a bowl of porridge I cooked in that afternoon and a cup of yogurt. That was a late supper around three a.m., midnight. My mother was silent and would not eat the food.

"Eat this, mom"

"Thank you, Fujio",

my mother answered to my suggestion with her loving, teary eyes.

Then, my mother lifted her face, glanced up with her widely opened eyes, and roared. Something looked like brown

saliva flowed down from her mouth. It happened in a moment. After that, my mother's breath got heavier, and finally, she died. Her face in death was calm but still dignified. Intensely, sinister laughs surrounded me. To be honest, however, although I was surprised, I did not feel sad about my mother's death and did not feel anger against the laughs. I was rather just thinking about how I was seen by those watchers and posed as if I was just surprised without knowing what was going on. I was tamed by the watchers to that degree. Losing the person who I had to protect, with the sense of defeat, I took a huge amount of cold medicine after a while.

Of course, I could not commit suicide with cold medicine, and I woke up around noon. My mother's body next to me started corroding. I heard a knock on the door and went to the hallway. I saw my sister behind the door. Since I did not trust my sister so much, I talked with her through the narrowly opened and chained door. She managed to enter my place because she was worrying about the fact that she could not get through to me. I ignored her and went back to my mother's body.

I heard someone knocking on the door again and opened it. A police officer was next to my sister. The officer persuaded me to open the door. I ignored that too. I heard the officer contacting someone who was apparently in the police headquarters with his transceiver. I thought that I would never let him in without a search warrant.

The officer started cutting the chain with a chainsaw. I was surprised.

After that, things went quickly. The officers removed the body, investigated, and put me in a police car. The afternoon sunlight was dazzling. I also noticed that the

room downstairs was the electrical room of the apartment when I went outside. After all, all my efforts were useless.

To make things clear, the reason I was not able to trust my sister was that she got more insanely dedicated to her religion after her divorce. Also, as she got used to coldness of people after the divorce, she got colder to me and complained about almost everything I did. It was as if she was brainwashed.

I was interrogated at the police station.

Even then, I heard those talking voices on a radio show, but I managed to take control of me and got through the interrogation.

However, all my savings ran out because I paid the inheritance, property, and health insurance taxes.

I had to organize my mother's funeral at low cost at the church she did not like.

I was shocked looking at my mother's after the autopsy. Surprisingly, my mother's skin including that of her face was ripped off and turned into pale. Looking at the appearance, my sister also burst into tears. Her expression looked like as if she was released from brainwashing and got back to her excellent and kind self in the old days. The funeral was done simply.

After I returned to my messy place, I searched various things on my computer to apply for an American scenario contest with a story based on my experience. In the process, I found a film company which supports primitive communism, and the company (Sea of Japan Film, Nihonkai Eiga) was also owned by the branch family. Even though my story was incomplete, I received a decent prize. (The story was

about a self-sufficient life in an undeveloped area in the States).

When I tried to write an outline of the sequel in ciphers, TV and newspapers reacted to it. The criminals tried to steal it. The reason I wrote it in ciphers was that the pencil was made from iron. And because the ballpoint pen was water-soluble.

When I was organizing my late mother's belongings, I found a list of names of human rights organizations which my mother researched when she was alive.

I moved from the house I purchased in Tokyo to an apartment in Kanagawa Prefecture, but the noises were still there. I watched a show on my portable TV for the first time in a while and was surprised. Some of the advertisements for T Beauty Clinic (T is the last name of one of my mother's teacher at the normal school) looked like as if it stole my mother's skin in her young age. An ad for toothbrush that uses ultrasonic wave which looked like as if it stole my mother's unique brushing method were also on TV. I was no longer angry. As my mother already died, I did not want to fight against them anymore.

I will write about my experience in the form of a story from now on. That is because I can only guess what is behind the criminal group and I am not sure about it. All the bad guys appear in this story are minions of Kenwood (an audio company, formerly Trio, presently Kenwood, which means "Dog Wood") and Sea of Japan Film.

INT. APARTMENT

Abraham locks the door and descends. Footsteps are audible.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT

Abraham, an OLD WOMAN, and a MAN, are watching a monitor showing Jack in a room with audio recorders. Jack's body and subtitles are visible on the screen.

An
OLD
WOMAN
Hehehe, we got him again.

MAN
Maggie, deceiving a fool is
not a big issue.

MAGGI
E
Hehehe, I want to be like
that. Pat.

ABRA
HAM
What time does Cassie get home?

PAT
2nd or 3rd.

ABRA
HAM
She will make it to Jack's test.

The three of them are focusing on the monitor.

INT. JACK'S ROOM.

There is a phone on the table and a sofa in front of the bed and the TV in the room.

The curtains are shut in front of all the windows.

Jack is sitting on the sofa, watching TV and reading newspapers (NAMED: MAIASA, means every sun rises). He is watching news programs and reading the newspaper

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

What is an attack? Oh, the female announcer is wearing black clothes, she is stylish. And the people in the advertisement box of the newspaper are also painted in black. Oh yes, I need to order a pizza.

Jack makes a phone call.

JACK

Hello! I would like a yellow apple pizza. Yes, I moved here.

Jack hangs up the phone and sits on the sofa again. At the same time, sounds of an opening windows and footsteps from the residents above are audible.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE
(V.O.) GO HOME, GO HOME, JACK,
GO HOME, GO HOME!

The same words are audible from the fridge.

Jack is frightened. The chime in the room rings. Jack goes to open the door and sees the DELIVERY GUY.

THE DELIVERY GUY
I brought your pizza.

JACK
What? Where is the guy who
always delivers?

THE DELIVERY GUY
He resigned.

Jack takes the pizza. The delivery guy leaves descending the stairs and his footsteps are audible. Jack wants to place the pizza inside the fridge. Jack reads newspaper. The people in the advertisement box of the newspaper are also painted black

SOUNDS FROM THE FRIDGE: BLACK, BLACK, JACK, BLACK,
BLACK, JACK

The sound of the footsteps of the resident on the second floor intensifies. The sound of the opening window is more and more intensive. Jack is puzzled by the sound from the fridge, places the pizza in the fridge and sits on the sofa.

Footsteps from the second floor are audible in the room where the sofa is and he can hear the noise of the opening window.

Mysterious sounds are still audible to his

ears. MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS: JACK, POROPORO,

JACK, POROPORO

Jack is perplexed and he is about to open the curtain in front of the window. Footsteps are moving. The curtains he thought to be made of cloth are actually made of iron and he cannot open them. Jack is thinking while he is standing.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O)
THEY MUST BE READING MY
THOUGHTS. I WILL MAKE THE
CAUSE CEASE. KANT
ALSO SAID THAT HUMANS ARE
EQUIPPED WITH REASON THAT
DOES NOT CHANGE. THE REASON
SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED.

HE HAS WRITTEN THAT HUMANS
ARE BOUND BY THEIR EMOTIONS
AND ARE UNABLE TO
COMPREHEND IT.

Ordinary sounds, such as housewives'
chat,
ambulance and patrol car siren are audible
from the other side of the window. Jack can
hear sounds from the tenants next door.

SOUNDS FROM THE TENANTS: JACK, DO IT! DO IT! DO
IT!

Jack switches off the TV, he lies down on the bed
and tries to sleep.

The sound of the footsteps sneak into the bedroom
and the sound of the opening window above his head
is audible too.

Jack can hear howling with his right ear and he
hears the patrol car's siren with his left ear.

Jack is struggling to fall asleep and he is
tossing about in his bed.

The morning comes without him sleeping a second.
His face shows fatigue.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WILL THIS HAPPEN TO ME
EVERY DAY ? I wonder if it it will
last while reading MAIASA ?.
WHO THE HELL LIVES ON THE
SECOND FLOOR? AND THIS
CRUEL THING THEY ARE
DOING...

Jack goes to the living room to watch TV. The sound
of the footsteps is moving and the opening door
is heard. He wants to switch the TV on, but it
gives no signal. The TV is unplugged and he
realizes that it was on battery power. The sounds
are reverberating in both of his right and left
ear.

LEFT EAR: TV, TV, TV, NEWSPAPER, NEWSPAPER

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? IS
THIS THE
TV? I SHOULDN'T BE CARRIED
AWAY BY THE TV AT THIS AGE.

Jack plugs the TV in. The TV broadcasts news. The
news are not different from the news of yesterday.
Jack realizes this with a start.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WAIT! THE SOUND
DISAPPEARED WHEN I
WENT TO THE LIVING ROOM.

The chime rings. Jack opens the front door. A small and pretty GIRL is standing in front of him.

Pretty GIRL
 Good morning. I live
 upstairs. My name is Hampton.
 I have just moved here so I
 came to exchange greetings.
 This my greeting present.

Hampton gives some sweets to Jack. Jack takes them.
 Hampton leaves and footsteps are audible.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O)
 (CONT'D) MS. HAMPTON? SHE DOESN'T
 SEEM TO BE
 A BAD PERSON. THE SOUNDS OF
 THE FOOTSTEPS MIGHT BELONG TO
 ABRAHAM.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR

There is an audio system in Jack's living room that is adjusted to the layout of the room. Used in the living room, Used in the bedroom, sound of footsteps, outdoors etc. Maggie turns to the voice change microphone and indecently shouts into the microphone.

MAGGIE
 TV, TV,
 TV.NEWS PAPER,N
 EWSPAPER,BLACK,
 BLACK

Pat looks at the monitor and checks Jack's position and the subtitles. Abraham measures Jack's brain wave. A young female DOCTOR in white clothes enters the room.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Ms. Cassie, we have been
 waiting for you. How is my

heart? I don't want to die
due to a heart attack.

(beat)

It should be fine. How is the
subject?

PAT

He is a tough guy. I am
looking at the letters
representing his thoughts,
but he seems to be a bit
different from other
subjects. He does not hurt
the tenants upstairs.

CASSIE

Understood. In case things
would seem to leak out,
please kill him with the
ordinary method.

ABRAHAM
Understood.

Cassie leaves the room. Maggie goes to the bedroom to sleep.

INT. JACK'S ROOM.

Jack has his pizza in the fridge so he goes to the kitchen from the living room. The sounds of the footsteps and the windows are not audible this time, but there are sounds from outside. The fridge doesn't sound this time, but instead, the sound ("Jee") of adsorption is audible.

JACK'S THOUGHTS
(V.O.) NOW I UNDERSTOOD. THE
SOUND CEASES WHEN I CHANGE
ROOMS.

SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE
THAT ONE, THAT ONE, THAT ONE, JACK

Jack goes back to the living room again and switches the TV on.

JACK'S THOUGHTS
(V.O.) EVEN IF THAT'S THE
CASE, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH
THE TV? THERE SHOULD BE
SOMETHING WITH THIS TV. OKAY,
LET'S FIND THE
PECULIARITIES
OF THIS TV JUST AS KANT HAS
WRITTEN IT.

Jack stares at the TV.

JACK'S THOUGHTS
SPEAKING OF TV,
ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES,
BATTERY FUNCTION WITH NO
NEED FOR A POWER CABLE, AND
THE
NEWS. YES! I HAD BEEN
WATCHING THE TV ON BATTERY.

Jack keeps watching the TV for a little while.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING.

Maggie retreats to the bedroom and Pat and Abraham are monitoring Jack.

PAT

Abraham, Jack does not seem
to move at all for a little
while. Oh, are you drinking?

ABRAHAM

Yes, because I am so bored.

PAT

There is something wrong with
the audio parts, please order
new ones from the Internet.

Abraham is drunk and he is searching for something
on the computer.

PAT

Maggie is not here so let's
not make sounds but
automatic reverberations
only.

ABRAHAM

Understood.

They keep monitoring Jack.

INT. JACK'S ROOM

Jack keeps watching the TV for many hours. There
is a huge advert showing an power cable plugged out
to promote energy saving.

JACK'S THOUGHTS

(V.O.) THE POWER CABLE? OH
YES, I ONCE HAD A COMPUTER.

Jack moves back to the living room. The sound of
the
footsteps moves back accordingly. Jack takes out
his computer from the things he moved and launches
it.

He connects to the Internet using wireless LAN.

MAIL BOX: CONFIRMATION EMAIL OF THE ORDER OF A VD
AUDIO SET.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? I
DON'T HAVE
A MEMORY OF ORDERING THIS. OR
IS THAT THE POWER CABLE?

Jack disconnects from the wireless lan and plugs
the power cable worriedly. In that moment, very
intense howling is audible from outside.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) OH, OKAY! THE POWER SOURCE
IS BEING
HELD. IT SAYS TV, TV, TV TO
MAKE ME USE THE POWER SOURCE
PLUG. GOOD!

I SOLVED IT! THE SOUND THAT
THE WINDOW GIVES IS TO MAKE
THE AUDIO SYSTEM IN
ABRAHAM'S ROOM AUDIBLE.

The bliss causes Jack to smile. However he quickly
turns abashed.

JACK'S THOUGHTS
(CONT'D) WAIT, STILL THERE
ARE MYSTERIES. WHAT IS WITH
THE NEWSPAPER?
HOW DOES ABRAHAM KNOW WHAT I
AM THINKING OF? WELL,
ALRIGHT.
HE KNOWS WHAT I'M THINKING OF
NOW SO HE WILL TALK TO ME.

Jack turns to his side in the bed.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING.

Abraham becomes sober and his face twitches.
He
says something to Pat.

ABRAH
AM
Damn! It leaked out!

PAT
Why did it leak out?

ABRAH
AM
We purchased the audio system
using Jack's computer. The
confirmation letter of the
order regarding the audio
system is in the mail box.

PAT
It shouldn't have leaked out.
Everything is because you

are drinking. Take
responsibility!

ABRAH
AM
Understood.

Abraham changes into his uniform. His expressions
are cornered.

PAT
Don't look like that! This is
a happy story so please
smile!

Abraham changes his facial expressions and leaves
the room.

IN JACK'S ROOM:

Abraham opens the room with the key and enters.

ABRAHAM
Congratulations! You passed
the test.

Jack is showing satisfaction.

JACK
Thank you. However this is
something absurd. These all
lead to intimidation,
injuries and theft.

ABRAHAM
Well, you shouldn't say that.
We don't use this on other
people.
Even if we change the story
nothing will attack you. Now
you can have some rest. Well.

Abraham leaves the room.

Jack is being happy, he takes off his clothes and
enters the bathroom.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING

Maggie wakes up and goes back to the room.

MAGGIE
Hahaha, we can pray to the
frozen body, can't we?

ABRAHAM

Pat, please show us the
ultrasonic waves measuring
his hearing ability on the
phone.

Pat is watching Jack having shower on the monitor
and she presses a button on the machine.

INT. JACK'S ROOM.

Jack seems blissful and he is humming under the
shower. "Bee"
- hears Jack with his right ear. The sound is still
audible and Jack is surprised.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O)
THAT'S TERRIBLE. BUT THEY
SAID THEY WON'T DO IT AGAIN.

Jack leaves the bathroom and he lies down on the bed in the bedroom. Sounds of footsteps are audible and the opening door creaks. Jack is startled.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

The sound is still audible near Jack's right ear.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) WHAT IS THIS? IT GOT
COOLER.

The cold makes him cover himself with the blanket.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) OH, MY HEART IS BEATING
FAST!

Jack wakes up and goes to the kitchen hurriedly to drink plenty of water. Jack sighs in relief and calms down.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
(CONT'D) THIS IS DEFINITELY A HEART
FAILURE.
I MIGHT HAVE COOLED IT DOWN
WITH THE SHOWER.

Jack boils some water to make a coffee and goes to the living room.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING

Cruelty is visible in both Pat's and Abraham's eyes.

ABRAHAM
Electromagnetic waves! Take them!

Pat presses the button on the machine once more with anger.

INT. JACK'S ROOM, LIVING ROOM

The metals and the plastic objects in the living room are creaking all around the place.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

(CONT'D) WHAT? MY BODY IS HOT.

AGAIN, MY
HEART. BUT, ALTHOUGH THE
SURFACE OF MY BODY IS COOLING
DOWN MY HEART IS HOT. THIS IS
TOTALLY LIKE BEING IN
A MICROWAVE OVEN. OH, YEAH?
ELECTRONS? THIS MUST HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING WITH THE
ELECTRONS.

Perspiration is oozing out on Jack's face. Jack goes to the kitchen to drink plenty of water again. He is standing and keeps thinking.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
 (CONT'D) I GOT IT! THIS IS LIKE THIS.
 THE
 SOUNDS ENTERING INTO MY EARS
 ARE VOICES MADE OF ELECTRICAL
 CURRENT CONTAINING
 ELECTRONS WHEN I PLACE THE
 PHONE'S RECEIVER NEAR MY EAR.
 THE OBJECTS MADE OF IRON
 SOUND, BECAUSE THEY ARE
 REACTING TO THE ELECTRONS.
 SPEAKING OF IRON. HAIR! YES,
 IT IS LIKE THIS. INNER-BRAIN
 ELECTRONS ACCUMULATE IN MY
 HAIR AND THEY JUMP AROUND
 WHEN THEY ARE TRIGGERED BY
 THE ELECTRONS IN THE DIGITAL
 TV WAVES FROM BOTH DIRECTIONS.
 AND ABRAHAM PICKS THEM UP.
 AND ABRAHAM UNDERSTANDS MY
 THOUGHT BY MY READING
 TV, NEWSPAPER. THE TV, THE TV
 NEWSPAPER IS PROBABLY ALSO
 BECAUSE OF THAT. THE TV EMITS
 ULTRASONIC WAVES FROM THE LCD
 SCREEN. THE SUN EMITS
 ULTRASONIC WAVES EVERY
 MORNING WHEN IT ASCENDS. SO
 ULTRASONIC WAVES ARE COMING
 FROM THE SUN. THE ULTRASONIC
 WAVES ARE TRANSMITTED IN
 WATER. 90% OF THE BRAIN IS
 WATER. THEREFORE, THE
 INNER-BRAIN ELECTRONS ARE
 TRANSMITTED TO MY HAIR. HOW
 IS THIS ABRAHAM?

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING

Maggie's face becomes serious.

MAGGIE
 Kill him, without delay.

PAT
 Abraham, resort to force!

Abraham takes his gun out of his pocket, turns red and leaves the room.

INT. JACK'S ROOM. LIVING ROOM

Jack is relaxing and drinking coffee while watching TV. He is full of bliss.

JACK'S THOUGHTS
 (V.O.) AN AMAZING GIRL AT
 NASA? WE COULD HOLD A
 WEDDING IN SPACE, COULDN'T
 WE?

NEWS AT THE TV: A SECRET INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
 IN ITALY WAS DISCOVERED AT 10 AM THIS MORNING. THE
 MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE DOCTORS
 EXPERIMENTING WITH HUMANS AND USING NASA AS A BAIT.
 THEIR GOAL IS TO RECEIVE THE NOBEL PRIZE IN
 MEDICINE.

Jack stands up unconsciously and faints.

JACK'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)
 (CONT'D) ISN'T IT ME? THAT'S
 TERRIBLE, I AM
 GOING TO GET KILLED. I SHOULD
 DO SOMETHING. ACTUALLY, HAS
 THE PIZZA DELIVER GUY BEEN
 REPLACED? IF THAT IS THE CASE,
 LET ME MAKE THE FIRST MOVE
 BEFORE I GET KILLED.

The chime in the room rings.

Jack takes a short knife from the kitchen, he hides
 in the entrance and opens the door.

The pizza delivery guy smiles at Jack and starts
 talking.

THE DELIVERY GUY
 Good evening, Mr. Jack.
 I came to hand over a special
 coupon to thank you for your
 frequent orders. And...

Jack suddenly pulls the delivery guy into the room.
 Jack and the delivery guy scuffle with each other.
 Abraham appears and points the muzzle to Jack. The
 delivery guy fails to comprehend the situation and
 clings to Abraham's arm. In that moment, the
 electric switch of the room switches off and the
 room becomes completely dark. They keep on
 scuffling and the muffle sounds in the dark with

flickering. The delivery guy leaves the room and shouts for help.

THE DELIVERY GUY

Somebody please come!

The people from nearby gather around and someone switches the light on in the room. Abraham got shot and he is dying.

INT. THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING

Maggie is watching the whole story on the monitor.
Maggie is touching the are around her heart with
pain.

MAGGIE

E

Pat, call the doctor!

PAT

Mom!

Maggie collapses on the spot. Cassie arrives and
checks the pulse of the old woman.

CASSIE

E

Pat! Maggie is dead. Take
the dead body to the hiding
place and let's escape!

Pat carries Maggie's dead body on her back, both
of them leave the room and they surrender their
position.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Curious onlookers, patrol car, and an ambulance
are arriving and making noise.

EXT. SHOPPING STREET

Jack walks totteringly as before with both of his
hands in his pockets and with rounded shoulders.
There is a mini theater on the corner of the
shopping street showing a production of ordinary
people directed by the producer, Robert Redford.

JACK'S THOUGHTS

(V.O.) ORDINARY PEOPLE

Jack sighs, gives a sideward look to the mini theater and walks away totteringly. His back is visible.

NA

The association has been
discovered by the policy and
their hiding
place got destroyed. The
delivery guy of the MAIASA
has also been arrested as a
gang member. The dead body of
the old woman was
found at their hiding place.
Jack has not been found
guilty. The delivery guy
has been found
innocent as acting in self-defense.

Goddess does not smile if it is not a person who did a big job, even though there is a difference in degree, in daily work such as a big chance. Living while enjoying small enjoyment as a food of daily work. That is life

How about this script?!

How was my story based on my experience in Kanagawa? I also realized things more than the fact that destroyed the Torikai family.

A part of this explanation may be the same with the final part of the story, but these are what I realized:

In summary, the conspiracy using this electronic society is to fill the society with electrons. For this purpose, dust and fungus, which are obstacles for electrons, are removed. You will understand it when you see commercials for cleanliness that are aired on TV. The purpose is to steal the thoughts of people using mobiles and smart phones. This is how it goes.

First, vibrate a mobile phone and LCD screen of a smart phone (i.e. switch them on) and generate ultrasonic. The intermediate for the ultrasonic is steam or moisture contained in trees. The reason why the moisture is important is that 90 per cent of human's brain consists of water. This is why the commercials promote protection of skin by moisture. Although the sun emits ultrasound wave also, no individuals can be identified with that. Mobiles and smart phones are used for this purpose. Hearing ability and Brain Fingerprinting P300(This is a type of brain wave) are the ways how to identify individuals. This is the application of dog whistle. In other words, individuals' hearing ability and brain fingerprinting p300(Both parties are interconnected and can be measured) are measured by mobiles and smart phones. The hearing ability and the brain fingerprinting p300 differ according to the individual, just like fingerprints. At the same time, the electricity current containing electrons from mobiles and smart phones is poured into the brain of each individual through their ear. For this purpose, eyes (commercials for drinks that keeps humans awake, contact lenses and glasses are aired for this purpose) and teeth (gourmet and music programs, comedy shows and commercials are aired on TV in Japan because of this. The purpose is to make the audience keep opening their mouth and expose their teeth, in addition to the occasions where they use mobiles. The purpose is by no means to tie up with the sponsors to reduce the cost of TV stations)

are ideal. The reason is that electrons cannot penetrate the fat contained in the organs such as eyelids and lips. This is why the commercials for diet exist.

Then, the electrons in the brain of each individual, which are generated every time the individual thinks about something using the electricity which was poured in, are pushed out through their hair. Hair consists of iron, which is highly compatible with electron (Incidentally, commercials promoting the foods that contain lots of iron and commercials for hair wash exist for this purpose). Electrons of each individual are captured by two-way digital terrestrial wave through their hair and then are collected in the super computer to be converted to texts. Lastly, another thing that is needed is power sources in public places, in other words, electric fields. This is LED (In each household, this means the electromagnetic wave emitted by the home electric appliances that have clock functions to show time on LCD screen). What I have mentioned up to this point is the matters relating to thoughts.

The ultimate purpose of this conspiracy is the “plan to make humans livestock.” It may sound abrupt, but this idea has been already published in some magazines as rumor. The keywords are group, team, and member. Singers that appear on TV, members in the news show, and sport teams – they all consists of a large number of people. This is a plot for the future plan to make humans form a group like herbivorous animals.

To summarize the purpose of the plan, it will be like this. “Just keep working, I will feed you enough. All you have to do it to keep fit physically. If you think of anything, it belongs to us.”

This is evidenced by cheap foods, priority on economy, decline of culture that has been nurtured in Japan and cult of muscles. (The reason why I mentioned the US here is that the conspiracy crosses over Japan and the US. (This matter affects not only both Japan and the US but people all over the world.) Although the purpose of the H2-type satellite developed jointly by Japan and the US are said to be water resource investigation, I think this actually is a part of conspiracy.)

If the situation gets worse, the brain and the entire body are filled with electrons, water and iron, and then the hearing ability is measured. The humans that are forced to stop thinking are manipulated unconsciously like a robot by secret orders through mobiles and smart phones according to their hearing ability.

To add to this point, smoking suppresses the functions of electricity in the brain, from which electronics in the brain generate. That is why non-smoking is recommended.

Some people may think this is imaginative story. However, this is the fact that was discovered in the sad history of our family, which was the subject for experiment and my shocking experience

I do not intend to deny the existing systems such as social networking, terrestrial digital broadcasting, and LED lighting. If those systems are under the risk of abuses, however, I want the readers who are wiser than me and have enthusiastic indignation against evildoers to stop their attempts that I found out through my experience. If so, I will be happy because

my mother' s unusual death and my hard experience will not be wasted. I am not trying to accuse someone for my mother' s death. The cause of my mother' s death has already turned out to be a heart attack according to the inspection result and I have no intention to complain about the result. It was legally done and even if my mother was still alive, her dementia would be out of my control, both of us would be dying out, and I could not write stories like this now. So, I do not feel angry about my mother' s death. I feel anger toward the cruelty of the bad guys. The characteristic of their traps is to isolate their targets. They make the targets unable to talk about their frustration to others. If a targeted person told his/her family or others about the trouble, he/she would be regarded as a psycho. That is why I did not tell my mother about the problem. I feel anger toward the fact that those bad guys are planning to steal ideas and inspirations born from minds of people easily on the sly. If any readers who have more mental and physical strength than me make complaints or ask questions to stop the bad guys implied in this book against them, I will feel the happiest.

P.S. Here is the answer to the remaining mystery:

◦

I destroyed wall sockets all over my place except the one for the fridge. I felt pain on my teeth when I heard the noise from the fridge.

For sparrows, a tree contains moisture and work like an antenna for ultrasonic waves.

I was using an internet provider service for apartments and its power source was the same with my phone as well as my TV, so they were able to share my online activities easily if some of them in my apartment eavesdrop phone calls.

Although people in media know all about the mystery of the articles, I have no clue what to do about it.

◦

Extremists used to climb on poles to spy on targets. They have applied that strategy to electric poles. An electric pole was on the premise of the Torikai family. The room lender must have been an extremist. As I said earlier, since people in the apartment were using the internet provider service dedicated to apartments, members of the extremist group were able to spy on their targets in their own room without climbing any electric poles.

Since my mother did not let me go to a kindergarten, I always stayed in my room alone and did not need any help from others.

The idea of sharing represents the extremist' s primitive communist system.

To decide the front pages of newspapers was the mission of the Torikai family. In other words, both my father and my mother had misunderstood. The information had been stolen and skewed by them for 40 years.

The mysterious airplane sound was sent only into my mother's ears by them.

The reason my mother said "Why people I support always have a tough time?" was that an announcer my mother had praised disappeared from TV and a Diet member was suspected for corruption. Those things were happened also because they skewed the information.

In short, my father and mother also experienced the same things that I did. Both my parents were great. My father had never complained about the problem to anyone, and my mother had never talked about it to anyone and brought up her two children.

That is all that I want to tell you.

I will upload this draft with my modified computer. I just hope that this draft is safely sent to your office without being stolen by them.